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Perfect  
Assassins

# Chapter 1

Imagine a world where every one's a ninja. No one would be seen. To the naked eye it would be a ghost planet but whoever dared to step on the planet never came out. But to the natives the planet would be an arena where everyone plays a deadly game of hide-and-seek because when you are found, those will be the last seconds of your life. Eventually the natives would wise up and create alliances. The alliances would eventually become a gang. I live in this world you could only ever dream of.

I'm Joe. To be honest I'm not really Joe, but call me Joe since we ninjas have to stay hidden and if our information got out, we'd be like dinosaurs, extinct. I'm part of the Epik Klan. I'm not a full adult yet so I'm not risking my life as much for those of you that care. As of the time I'm telling you this story the Epik Klan is on top. Being on top is harder than you think. Every single gang and I mean *every. Single. Gang.* Wants us dead. The last 10 gangs that were the number one clan is extinct. The only time you'll ever hear about them is through stories. They're gang has absolutely no members of it now.

Also, we have different ninja suits. We're not all wearing the same attire because then you couldn't tell who was on your side and who wasn't. Instead we have ninja suits designed with a special logo very clearly seen when shown so when you are fighting you know who to kill and who to protect.

"Hey! Joe get your butt down here! It's a new mission! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO CALL YOU?!" Master screamed. Of course his name isn't Master but he is the master and we ninjas, as I've already told you, need to stay hidden so if you're ever wondering if any of the names in this novel is real, they're not.

"I'm coming! Jeez, you need to calm down." I muttered as I came up behind him. Yes, ninjas are that fast. We move so fast that to your naked eye it's like materializing. Of course our eyes can notice the movement since we need to stay aware and alarmed. After that we walked slow like a jaguar. If you're wondering how that's possible just remember how we move normally because what you dream of doing can be done by us.

The conference room is... well I can't be very detailed about that obviously. But I think I can explain it the way you would see it. To your eyes it's basically a bunch of trees. You couldn't see it even if you had your whole world looking at it with microscopes and all that stuff. What we ninjas see is a giant building. It's wide but not tall. It's painted with camouflage which is why you can't see it. Inside is basically hallway to a room. The room has many windows and it's like a giant court except there's only 1 rising platform for the speaker. Beyond that point is another room that is nothing like the rest of our jaw-dropping world. It's really a basic conference room. A circle table with a bunch of chairs going around it. Anyways we went to the second room, the basic conference room.

"Ah, there you are Joe! We got a mission for you. You will need to assassinate this guy." Ninja Bob, that's what we'll call him, said. As he finished the sentence he took the picture and flung it into the sky and when it came down he smacked it and whipped it onto the table. All in 1 second which is very impressive even for a ninja. The picture was a picture of an ordinary elderly man. "He learned too much. We caught him spying on us. We couldn't capture him in time but we were able to take a picture. But be warned, he might be an old master rejoining a gang."

"Then why are you sending me?!" I really hated the thought of dying like average people.

"You're there to test his strengths. We believe you will most likely be able to beat him but we still need our best ninjas as we believe an ambush is coming soon."

I sighed, "Fine, I'll do it."

"Good luck." The room full of people said.

## Chapter 2

First before I continue this story I think I should explain some things that I forgot to tell you. When I said that I saw an ordinary elderly man, you might have pictured your grandfather or someone older than that. The thing is though ninjas don't really age. We can die in a fight and by age but you can't tell. Also an ordinary elderly man doesn't wear ninja suits. They retire their uniform and dress up as an average adult on your world. Also if you really thought about this, you might think, "If every one's a ninja, how do people die?" Well obviously not everyone is perfect. There are traps and of course we are sort of like average humans, we can evolve our technology and adapt like living things. The new adaptations and evolutions usually mean an end to a gang, usually the number one gang.

So, I walked out of the room and towards our forest. Our forest has a really cool transportation. On the tree was this cart, not like a mine cart, more like a roller coaster seat but we call it a cart. Anyways, the cart was on a railroad and the railroad branched off to other trees. This sort of transportation isn't super fast but it allows you to stay hidden and be a bit lazy of course which is why a lot of people don't use it more than once a month. I hopped in to the cart and turned it on, maneuvering through the tons of trees we have. I made it to the 'city', notice how we have little marks around it. That's because it's not an actual city. It's mostly made up of houses for the retired and a few stores for food. Of course it's all hidden well, it would look like any other part of the planet I live on which is Jupiter. I immediately saw him walking down the street minding his own business. He's not trying to be hidden because we usually leave the retired alone.

It came down to the hardest part. Assassination. Even for us perfect assassins it can be hard at times. I needed to stay calm because panicking almost always gives you away. I swiftly, which I hope you remember is VERY FAST, snuck up behind him. I was in the motion of pulling my sword out and slicing him. Also an interesting fact is that a ninja's sword case is bigger than the sword itself to make the motion of pulling the sword out much faster. Before I sliced him I realized something, this was a bit too easy. I thought about it even more, this is WAY too easy. I knew immediately after that, that this was a trap. Sad part is though that there was no way I could stop swinging and save myself. The second the blade touched, he exploded.

## Chapter 3

Thankfully the explosion didn't kill. Though I didn't get off that easily, it hurt a lot. Imagine bathing in acid for 30 minutes. Then put all that pain in to one second. You're still barely close to what it felt like. It took all my strength away, I was incapacitated. This would make an easy capture and of course the enemy took note of that and I was immediately captured. They put me in an all white van. Obviously I was put in the back of it, we don't give luxury to captured ninjas. The reason it's all white is because that would mean it would be nearly impossible to blend in to that color as ninjas. We, ninjas, prefer dark colors because its easy to stay hidden in the shade since eyes can't see well in the dark. There was no escaping this. I was even handcuffed and checked of weapons. Nearly all my weapons were taken away. I only had a few throwing knives left since they never found my pocket in my pocket. Yep, we ninjas are good at hiding things. Now you might think, ninjas? With a car? Well we ninjas obviously evolve technology and we can make cars. We usually have the outside black which is what this mini-van has. For the most part cars are not used except during rescue missions or capture missions. While they were driving, I thought about what they were gonna do. They usually give two choices 1) Make you tell all your gang's secret and in which case you would join the gang or 2) Die. I thought long and hard. I really did like my gang, but did I value my life more? Eventually, I made up my mind. I was going to be executed. It's one life vs. 100+ lives. If you think about it like that, it wasn't a hard decision. I felt like I needed to keep my gang safe and keep them to be number one. Eventually, the car came to the stop. They pushed and shoved me in to a building way down to the basement where the cellar is.

The building itself seemed very dull. It looked like a building with windows. That had an elevator in it. Maybe some offices. But that was really it. The worst part was the cellar. It was absolutely nothing like the building. It was actually fancy. Gold chandeliers lightened the hallway. The floor was made out of Jade. The beds, oh my the beds, they were king-sized with the most comfy looking blanket ever. Even the pillars to keep you from getting out of your jail room was made of jewels; sapphire, emerald, quartz, etc. To most people that would be paradise. But it was horrible for me because I knew the plan right away. This was to make sure that prisoners want to stay here and the longer you stay here the more you start to trust them. Eventually, you'll get to the point where you want to be part of the group and betray your former one. It was an evil plan but it seemed to be successful. They put me in my cellar and I had to say something before I got caught in to this trap.

"Just kill me. I'm not saying anything. I don't want to stay here." I quickly said.

"Are you sure? You don't want to live in this nice, comfy fancy place we got here? We even have a jacuzzi and pool and an all you can eat buffet with all your favorite foods and an amazing che-" The guard replied

I quickly cut him off, "No! Just kill me already!" Those choices sounded so nice but I couldn't give in.

"Alright then. No need to be so bossy." The guard said.

## Chapter 4

It took them no less than an hour to set up my execution. The second the guard said, "Alright..." I was taken out of my cellar and put on a stage. The stage room was already congested and I watched as all of the faces were eager to see enemy blood spilled on their territory. I was shoved on to a hanging contraption and my hands were already tied so trying to fight my way out of it was basically out of the picture. The weirdest part was that my legs were also tied up. In most executions this was never used but I guess its better safe than sorry. Fighting was clearly out of the picture. I kneeled there for the longest time. Their master just babbled on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on. Yeah he babbled that long. Of course I wasn't paying attention to that. I was looking at the contraption. It looked like it could jam easily since it used cogs to rotate and hang someone. Jamming one of the cogs should stop it. I tried to get to my pocket in my pocket. Using my teeth, it wasn't a piece of cake. I wiggled and just got in to some of the most weird positions. No one tried to stop me though. I think I kind of looked like I was trying to untie myself and I guess they knew it was impossible. I think I heard a few laughs from that as well.

Anyways I finally got my throwing knife out and in to my mouth. I twisted and turned to put as much force I could in to my spitting of the throwing knife. I spit it out and the second that happened I could feel time slowing down. The knife got stuck in it immediately. It looked like it would be there for a century. I was so joyful with my throw but it didn't last long. Right after I noticed the knife got stuck, I felt the rope around my neck tighten. It was getting tighter and tighter in that tiny second. It was choking me in the next second. Choking my happiness and life away. I heard laughter mocking my fail. I couldn't believe it! I was fooled again. Today just isn't a good day for me. I couldn't breath. Soon enough my vision would blur and eventually I'd die a slow painful death. I could already feel my life leaving my grasp. My vision was blurring already. At that moment I saw a shuriken flying straight at my direction. I could tell it was going to just crush my skull. I was going to be hanged and have a crushed skull. It was a dreadful thought. But that's not what was happening...

The shuriken wasn't aimed at me! It cut the rope and I gasped for breath as I fell to the floor. I braced myself for the impact of crashing on to a steel floor that would most likely incapacitate me. I felt like I wasn't going to make it out alive anyways. But I never hit the floor.

Instead I was picked up and the next thing I know I'm in another room. I could tell it wasn't used in a long time. All there was, was a bed, chair, and desk. They were covered in dust and spider webs. It was actually so old that the spider webs and spider webs on them. I sat upright on the bed and next to me was someone I thought I'd never see again.

## Chapter 5

"Sis?" I asked in amazement.

"Of course it's me and get your jaw off the ground. It's really dirty here." She replied

I grinned. It was just like old times. She hadn't changed one bit. She was still my same old witty sister. "What are you doing here? I thought you were dead." I asked.

"I ran off to run from your ugly face," She joked, "No but really, I was just sent here to spy on this gang, the Assassins Clan, isn't that just an original name? I was doing just fine, they accepted me with big welcome hands. But your little peanut-sized brain decided to be caught and fooled so I had to save you."

"Meh it happens sometimes right?" I asked

"Not as much to everyone else than you," She replied in joking disappointment, "But besides that point, look what I found here." She tossed me a book that seemed pretty thick but oddly enough it was light like a feather when I caught it. I flipped through the pages and I couldn't believe what I saw. It contained new technology. It had contraptions called guns that shot these metal pointy looking thing, that would most likely kill you, called bullets. It had things called bombs and grenades that were described as explosives. They had even more destructive stuff. It was obvious these things would single-handily win wars. It was going to be hard to compete with things that could destroy your home in a second without giving a single warning.

"Sis, this is going to cause the death of our gang. Probably even our planet! We need to bring this home and even the fight out." I informed her.

"Oh gee Einstein like that was so hard to figure out. Thanks for saving me one hour." She replied sarcastically.

"Your welcome. Anyways how do we get out of here?" I asked

"By using magic!" She exclaimed and snapped her fingers. But nothing happened.

"Yeah that's really going to work." I said before I cracked up.

"Shut up! I got it this time!" She snapped her fingers.

Nothing happened. I laughed hysterically.

"Abracadabra?" She tried.

Still nothing happened. I couldn't stop laughing.

"Open sesame?" She tried again desperately.

I was laughing to death because whatever she did, nothing happened.

"OPEN!" She screamed. She ended up kicking the wall out of anger. Something actually happened. A secret passageway opened the second she kicked it, "See? I told you I got it!" She boasted.

I followed her through the passage which was, thankfully, big enough for me to stand in it. The passage itself though was pretty dark and scary. It was like the hallway a character in a horror movie goes through before finding the murderer or monster that's going to scare the main character.

"Hug the right side of the wall." She warned.

We walked for what seemed like eternity until finally we found a doorway.

"Aha! This should be it!" She said obviously proud of what she's done. We kicked the doorway down just to be cool and we saw a steep slide. It was our exit but it like the room we were in was dusty and filled with spider webs. The slide was wide enough for 3 people to fit but we went one at a time. It wasn't a very long slide either, it took about 3 seconds to land. We nearly shouted and screamed out of joy. But before we could do that we realized something. This place we were in, it wasn't our freedom.

## Chapter 6

"I've been expecting you..." a creepy voice said echoing in the room and crawling under our skin. This was just like the scene in a movie where the main character is about to be in trouble whether in academics or in actual danger. But the voice, it seemed so familiar. A voice that used to cheer me up, yet it's haunting me now. Finally, a chair spun around in this prodigious room. The room was actually abnormally large for a room. The ceiling must have been 40 feet high. The room had only an entrance, no exit. The slide was the only entrance making it clear whatever ends up here doesn't get out. I then realized this room wasn't meant to be a room, this was an arena. We were stuck in an arena with a person who cared for me all my life but is betraying me now. I didn't need to be a genius to tell this was bad.

It was my grandpa! It took me less than a second to realize that the second he turned around. He was the one who took care of me when my mom, dad, and sis 'died'. This is a living nightmare. We would either have to hurt poor, old Gramps or die. None of those choices sounded appealing. To make it worse we're in an arena that hangs all of the people that died here. I bet there are even name plates I haven't seen yet but name the dead. Skeletons filled this room and I could already imagine mine and my sister's on there. Hanging there with the dead, with our life ending. I didn't even do anything heroic yet. I didn't want to die like this. I shook that thought out of my head. I tried to stay positive as that might mean the fate of our success.

"Well what do you know? Both of you are in the wrong place at the wrong time. Because everyone who goes this way, as you probably saw already, never make it out alive." Gramps said.

He immediately charged after us starting one of the hardest fight in my life. We were playing passively afraid to hurt him. I just couldn't bring myself to put my sword through him and he knew that. He took advantage of that by being overly aggressive. Meanwhile my sis and I figured out that we would probably fall from exhaustion on first. We eventually agreed to kill him. I charged in front of him while my sis snuck up behind and we sliced at him for a minute. He fell to the ground and he was gone. Literally. Poof. Gone with the wind.

We had the most perplexed looked on our face. It was absolute confusion. Think about the most confusing thing you've ever seen or heard or felt. Now double that feeling. Yeah we probably weren't that confused. Afterwards, we heard someone laugh manically. It was like an evil clown laugh that was would give the man with no fears nightmares.

Gramps laughed even though he wasn't in the room. He reappeared suddenly again all the way across the room. "You guys are hilarious. I was obviously just testing you," He said in the most innocent voice you could think of, "What makes you think I would betray you?" A big grin spread across his face. A welcoming smile. I nearly sprinted to him and gave him a big nice hug but my sister stopped me before I moved.

"It's a trap." She whispered. I wanted to be naive little me and ignore the warning but I knew it would get me killed. Who knew old people could be ruthless killers? Well I mean I did but still it brings a frown to your face when you think about it. From here we decided it was best to go backwards and try to climb up the slide. We sprinted for it so nothing could stop us. But something stopped us. Before we could move bars slammed down where the slide was. We smashed right in to it and it hurt a lot. It nearly left a big red mark going down my face not to mention nearly smashed my face in.

"Where do you think you're going?" Grandpa laughed. But his innocence started to fade. I swear I saw devil horns growing on his head. His innocent grin turned in to an evil grin. We knew immediately this was bad.

"Well, what now sis?" I asked

"I have no clue! You're the reckless one here, go smash walls until you find an exit. If there is one." She replied.

"But I think there are traps! I'm pretty sure I shouldn't move around especially toward evil Gramps." I argued. I even threw a throwing knife at him to prove my point. My aim was dead-on but my knife never made it to him, it was intercepted by a throwing knife shot out of the wall. I immediately had an idea afterwards. I threw all my throwing knives at him, attempting to trigger all traps. Oddly enough, one made it to him but it didn't hit him as they were all randomly thrown. It was obvious that if I followed its path as precisely as I could, I could make it to him without being stabbed with a throwing knife. I did my best to follow its path from memory and immediately I felt like a spy trying to avoid the lasers in those spy movies. I could even feel time slowing down so I could see just how close I was to dying. But this also got me paranoid as maybe this is about to show me my death, what I did wrong, and that I can't stop the sharp knife coming straight to my face. Luckily, I made it across with no injuries. I was so relieved I let out a sigh before I realized what I was supposed to do. I hopped like a bunny, right over to the back of Gramps head. With one great slice to the head, he was gone again. Just like before, he just poofed away.

"Okay. Obviously killing him is not going to work, sis." I informed her. We were out of options.



## Chapter 7

There was nothing else to do. We couldn't escape, we couldn't kill, we'd be stuck here like all those skeletons being hung. I walked over to the nearest wall to just slump and think about how great my life was before it ended. Just as I was about to slump and be depressed, the wall caved in and I fell. My head banged against the cold steel stairs nearly causing internal bleeding. Luckily I didn't slide down the stairs in which I'm sure that would kill me. My head was really taking a hurting right now and I hope it would forgive me later for all the injuries so I wouldn't be haunted by nightmares and embarrassing moments.

"Sis!" I called her to come over, "I think I found our exit! Or at least our exit out of this horrid arena." I sat back up in an upright position rubbing my head, trying to ease the pain away. She hurried on over as I got up and right before we descended we heard Gramps reappear as his laugh told us. "See ya Gramps!" I laughed maniacally. Being stuck in the room with hundreds of skeletons was definitely driving me insane. We descended down the dim stairway and at the very end was a door. My head banged against a pipe though right before we made it to the end. "Why did I have to be 5 foot 9...?" I muttered to myself rubbing my forehead. As we got closer we saw another door. We reached the point where we could open both of them and there we saw a sign. The sign read, "One door leads to the exit you seek, One door leads to a painful death by a giant bird's beak. Which is which, I shall not tell you so. For that would be very angelic for an evil sign no?"

"So, do we try our luck by both of us going to one door or do we both go in to a different one? If we both go in to a different one, one makes it to safety but if we both go in to the same door, we could both die or live. Your pick." She told me.

"Can we see if there any clues that could help us pick?" I asked, afraid to lose my and my sister's life.

"There's only this tile that could be stood on!" She nearly screamed in my eyes. She would scream in my face but my face is covered up by a ninja suit thus it makes more sense that she screamed in my eyes. I poked at the tile out of curiosity, hoping some magical answer will appear that would tell us which door to take. "Oh yeah, poking at the tile is going to solve this problem!" She yelled sarcastically, obviously grouchy. It did..... is what I wish what happened. Instead nothing seemed to magically tell the answer. There was no help we would receive. We were stuck with a life or death situation. I gulped, it was probably better off that we both went in different doors. We still had the book from the dusty room she carried me to. We had to bring it back so we could try to stop the destruction. Before we parted ways we copied the book with the new technology. I was fairly good drawer and the end result was pretty accurate and legible. We said our good-byes and chose our doors.

"Maybe they both end up to freedom and the sign lied. It did say it was evil so it could've lied." I said trying to reassure myself.

"I wish. But you and I both know that's not likely. It was nice having you as brother though. Bye." She said trailing off at the end sounding miserable.

"Bye! I would say it was nice knowing you, but it really wasn't." I joked giving us a nice laugh before one of our life ends. We both opened our doors and walked through without hesitation. Why hesitate when the result was inevitable, one of us was going to die. I stepped through my door and before my door shut tight, I heard a scream. The scream that gives

nightmares. The thing was I couldn't tell if it was my sister's scream or the bird's scream. I prayed for it to be the bird's scream and I'll see my sister again someday when I'm not dead. Though I doubted it. The scream though it was stuck in my head like a melody you hear on the radio. It was bouncing through the room, entering my head more than once. Getting under my skin, it wasn't ever going to leave my head. It was nearly engraved on to my brain. I moved on to whatever this door led me to. I wasn't really paying attention. I stared straight ahead and walked like a zombie, wandering aimlessly without a brain. I shivered a few times to, shaking my head, trying to get the scream out of my head. The more I heard it, the more I was sure she was dead. Signs don't lie. But to get myself to keep walking I had to repeatedly tell myself, "She's not dead. She's not dead. She IS NOT DEAD!" By the time I finished walking through the hallway I was screaming at the walls. I almost just wanted to pound on them. I was being driven insane! I stepped through the door and thankfully I was outside. I made it! But who knows if my sister did.... I shook that thought out of my head. Must survive, I told myself. Being pessimistic was not helping me. I ran out in to the vast forest in front of me. I climbed on to the highest tree like a squirrel. The tree was nearly 500 feet tall. I climbed up to around 250 feet and tried to make a bed, gathering leaves and laid it on to the wide tree branch. The tree branch was so wide it could fit 10 people standing up. I slept hoping I would not be killed in sleep. My eyes closed immediately.

## Chapter 8

I woke up with my stomach rumbling. I mistaken it for a storm and thought I should move as thunder has a chance to strike this tree down and set it on fire, but it was merely my stomach. I knew it was about time to get up, find breakfast, and go home with the book in my hand. I wandered aimlessly, looking for a sign of life that I could eat. I found a rabbit eventually. It was white and clueless. It just stood there admiring the tree in front of it. Maybe it thought the tree was a god as the tree seemed to be fairly tall. I stalked the rabbit like a cat for a little bit before I jumped on it making sure it was a rabbit and not my imagination. I got to 5 feet away from it until I assumed it was an actual animal. I jumped on it and completely surprised the rabbit. The poor rabbit didn't have it coming. One slice with the sword and it lost it's life. I grabbed the meat trying to find any leftover branches or anything I can make fire with. Eventually I got enough twigs and with my fast hands I caused enough friction to cause fire. I cooked the rabbit until it was about medium rare. I always liked my steaks like that so I assumed rabbits would be the same. The rabbit itself didn't taste disgusting but I nearly cringed once I thought that I was eating a poor little cute bunny or a rabbit. I was still pretty famished when I was done eating but it would do for now. I climbed up on to the tallest tree I saw and observed my surroundings. To most people, even ninjas, it would be nearly hopeless getting home as all there was to see were trees. But I spent a lot of time outside, exploring this forest that was in the middle of where all the clans made settlements. I located a landmark that I always remembered when I was little, I called it Mushroom Top Tree. Obviously by it's name you could tell it's top looked like a mushroom and I quickly dashed across the trees until I made it to the Mushroom Top Tree. Once I made it to Mushroom Top Tree, I climbed down and immediately what I saw was bad. My clan settlement was in front of me, but I was too late.

The fight already started. I saw my friends and family struggling to fight the new technology but they weren't doing bad. Despite the disadvantage the deaths seemed pretty even. I decided it was time for me to come in from the back. I sprinted up and slashed and stabbed all enemies I saw. They never saw me coming, it was a fairly easy job. But the more I stabbed and slashed the more I felt like were there. I eventually made it to the end and met Master.

"Decided to come back finally, eh Joe?" He questioned.

"Okay well I messed up a bit from time to time, but I'm here now!" I grinned.

The next hour was just constant stab, stab, slash, dodge, slash, stab, over and over again. By the end of it, the battleground was an artist's canvas that had red paint spilled on it. It was so red because of all the bloody deaths that occurred, that it could be called the Red Sea. At the end of it, we were all high-fiving each other on our major accomplishments. We beat them with modern weapons while they advanced their weapons. The bad part though, the last person we killed had a note. It read, "You may have won this fight, but this war has just begun. Beware Epik Klan."

## Chapter 9

The next week was all blurred. I had showed the council, the people of the conference table, the book. We immediately started to advance the technology and started teaching it to everyone. Of course we kept our swords as why throw away something we already perfected? Within a week, we were up to date with technology and ready. Our next battle though, was bad. We didn't realize that the Assassins Clan would do. They gathered reinforcements, many reinforcements. They gathered at least 3 more gangs. They wanted revenge, payback, but most importantly power. That fight, lost so many people. In the end we pulled it through but so many people were dead. We had lost about half of our gang in that fight. The battle was just so bloody and bad. Bullets were flying through the air, grenades exploding everywhere, and swords making arcs all over the place. What we learned from that fight though was crucial. Swords could block bullets. It was definitely helpful advice in case for our next battle.

Our next battle wasn't as bad. They brought even more people but they attacked in such little time I doubt they trained enough. We were ripping through their defenses. We made it to their leader and he was killed nearly immediately. Less explosions though and there were less bullets. We were starting to revert back to the original way. It was so perfected, it was hard not to use it. Nothing that happened in this battle was important. And then our last battle, we also won. They had much more explosions though but by the time we wiped them all out, our battlefield was just so red. It was like someone accidentally squirted one giant bottle of ketchup. It was hard to look at, there's just so much red you can look at before you feel like throwing up. Of course we cleaned up the bodies which made it a little better to look at it but it was horrifying. So many deaths, it was like a massacre. In each and every one of our battles people were dying left and right. By the end of our third fight, we were cheering ourselves on. It was like nothing was going to stop us now. But we were wrong. Bombs. Bombs could.

Most people were sleeping at the time when the first bomb struck. The night guards didn't even see them. They are what you call stealth bombers. So many attacks though. I was lucky to live. There were only few survivors. Everyone else was obliterated in the explosions. Not even a little trace of them left. All the memories were gone too. Our settlement was destroyed. We survivors ran off to other settlements. I joined the Rampagers.

## Chapter 10

“Welcome Joe to our amazing gang!” the new Master said, “We are number three after all. Well number two now!” I cringed at the last line. That memory was so horrid and I couldn’t get it out of my head. I tried to smile to show that I liked this too but it was hard. After all I’ve been through, I feel like I should be dead. I’ve lived too many times when I shouldn’t have. I learned about the Rampagers. They seemed like nice people. I merely joined this clan though to get revenge on the Assassins Clan. They were number one now but they needed to die soon. They don’t deserve to be number one for more than a month. I was filled with enrage of what they’ve done. I trained hard. Harder than you can imagine. I was powered by anger and nothing was going to stop me. Finally the fight came, it was time to kill them now.

We traveled to their camps silently but fast. One by one we filed in at different areas but they never saw us. When one of us was seen it was way too late for them. We planted at least 10 traps and our whole army is ready to attack. Their army came charging down in lines. They were so organized that it made it easy to kill them as not all of them were behind cover. But cover didn’t even stop me. The second I saw them, I charged screaming and shouting. I slashed through everyone. I swear at some point, my sword was extending with red energy. I was slicing and nothing stopped me. People looked at me in awe. I single-handily defeated an army. People said I was glowing red. I didn’t care. I got my revenge I slashed through everyone. I walked over some bodies, spitting on a few. Right when we were about to retreat, their council came out. They decided they would take our army down. I did what I’ve been doing. Charged recklessly at them, killing mercilessly. The council seemed so surprised by my powers, I swear at one point they just stopped and let their jaws drop. I left nothing of the Assassins Clan. Once there was no more sign of life, I decided it was time to go back. The Rampagers were number one again. But one thing we forgot about while we settled in to being number one. The other clans that Assassins Clan reinforced.

“Master! I have bad news! W.I.N (We is ninjas) have just started a nuke war.” The scout reported, “They’ve blown up Annihilation! With what they describe as a nuke. It flattened everything in its radius which is pretty big dear master!” The master then decided the worst thing possible as we see it now. He fought back. With bombs. Fighting fire with fire was bound to end bad. By this point everyone has updated their technology. Everyone had the capability of making a nuke and so they did.

# Epilogue

What happens next causes our destruction of our world. Long story short, bombs exploded everywhere. Before you know it, everywhere has been bombed. This is what made Jupiter your gas planet. Many are dead. There are a few survivors (me) who still live but we know it won't last long. The radiation is going to get to us, very little food will get to us. The only place that hasn't been bombed is a small area in the middle of the forest. That is where we can get our food, our only food. Some live in there, some don't since it can get pretty competitive in there. It's like a fight for survival and if you can't stay on guard at all time, you're not gonna live long. And while I wait for my painful, long death that is bound to come soon. I'll leave you with a little advice mere mortal:

Don't let this happen to you or your world. Don't let war destroy your home.

Good luck with that. Power is something that drive people to extreme measures. Control them and your world has a better chance of living. Remember to always watch for power-hungry fools. Always. They will do anything for power. Even destroying themselves. Don't believe me? Think about this story. Power is a curse. It drives men insane. Do not think of it as a gift, more or less as a duty. If given power, do not abuse it like a gift, it was given for you as a duty to do so the world doesn't fall apart. Power is too tempting for some people, keep those people from power until they learn power isn't something you need. It is not a necessity, it's something you want but not all fit for it, so watch for the people you choose as leaders, make sure you are making the right choice that the person is fit for the power. That the person will not abuse it. I'm giving you a job, hope you carry it out.